

THE TIMES.

New Bloomfield, Sept. 11, 1877.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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OUR CIRCULATION.

For the information of advertisers and others who may be interested in knowing, we will state that the present circulation of THE TIMES is between eighteen hundred and nineteen hundred copies each week.

THE Republican State Convention, which met at Harrisburg on Wednesday, nominated Hon. Jas. P. Sterrett, of Allegheny, for Judge of the Supreme Court; J. A. M. Paasmore, of Schuylkill, for Auditor General, and W. B. Hart, of Montgomery, for State Treasurer.

SENATOR CONKLING very justly says that no class in this country has a monopoly to the right to call itself the working class. We are all workers here, except the few rich people who live on inherited wealth, which, in a majority of cases their ancestors worked hard enough for. The cause of the working classes then is the cause of the whole people. Do the strikers consider this?

THE War Department has ordered the Third Regiment of Infantry, now on duty at Scranton, Wilkesbarre and Pittsburg, to be forwarded to Montana as speedily as possible. This is in accordance with General Sherman's recommendation, in view of apprehended trouble from the Indians in that Territory. General Wesley Merritt, with the Fifth Cavalry, has been ordered to proceed to the Wind River Valley and thence northward on the Nez Percés trail.

Snow Storm on Mt. Washington.

MT. WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—A heavy snow storm is now prevailing here. It commenced at eight o'clock this morning. The thermometer indicates thirty degrees at the hotels at the base of the mountains, where it is raining hard.—This is the first snow storm on the summit of Mt. Washington since the 22nd of June. The month just passed is the first August without a snow storm here for a number of years.

Co-operation Among Horse Thieves.

Detectives have discovered the existence of a regular organized society of horse thieves, with officers, signs, grips, and pass-words, who have been committing depredations in Western Ohio for a long time and selling the stolen property in Fort Wayne and vicinity. Members go by numbers instead of names, and divide the proceeds of all thefts equally among themselves. These facts have come to light through the statements of one Thomas alias Crawford, who was arrested at Fort Wayne while attempting to sell a horse stolen by him in New Madison, Ohio.

Death of Thiers.

Louis Adolphe Thiers, ex-President of the French Republic, died suddenly on the 3rd inst., at St. Germain. He was born of humble parents in Marseilles, April 16, 1797. He was educated at the lycœum of his native city and the law school of Aix, where he practiced at the bar from 1818 to 1821. Then he went to Paris, and into journalism.

For nearly half a century he has filled France and almost the world with his fame as journalist, historian, orator and statesman. No one in France has had a larger share in moulding her destinies, and nearly all his life has been one long battle for liberty and constitutional government.

His first office was under Louis Philippe; when he brought France through the dark days of the Commune to the present Republic. M. Thiers was a statesman of the very highest order, and his career, which extended over perhaps the most important period of French history, forms a large portion of the annals of his country.

Farmer's daughters often marry rakes.—Exchange. Yes, and it harrows our soul to know that the rakes sometimes turn out to be threshers.—Yonkers Gazette. Yes, and it makes us scythe the more when we think of the sickly offspring.—St. Louis Journal. Why, oh, why did she allow the rake to cultivate acquaintance.—Hawkeye. We hope that every daughter who marries a rake may reap reward.—New Haven Journal and Courier. Alas, then, she'll find she's spade too dear for her rake, but hoe cares? No mower of this now.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser. But lettuce suppose she knocks some teeth out of the rake, and plows furrows through his hair, wouldn't he make rye faces and seek a separator.

New York Life Illustrated.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Before I begin I want to make a confession. I have been asked to write a series of letters for *The Times*. My object in complying, is to put a few dollars in my purse and to try and please the readers of this paper. The head-piece, "New York Life Illustrated," is neither new, novel or startling. Most everybody has seen New York, and those who have not seen must have tired of reading about this metropolis. For fear you will pass me by without testing my wares, I will assure you in the outset that none of my illustrations have ever been exhibited before. Notwithstanding the titles smells of old books and musty garrets, I shall endeavor to bring you something new each week.

In the house opposite to where I write, a funeral is now taking place. A hearse stands at the door waiting to bear away the remains to the city of the dead. In the adjoining house a fashionable wedding is being held. The gaily dressed bride's maids and groom's men, with the many invited guests, are ascending the high steps as the mourners are descending to their carriages from the adjoining house of death. One is a blaze with happiness and life while the other casts forth a shadow of sorrow and gloom darker than night. The sidewalk under my window is crowded with pedestrians who have stopped to witness the suggestive spectacle. One door opens to the wedding feast, the next invites to the sepulcher of the dead.

Early this morning as I was coming through the produce market, I met a Long Island farmer, "What are you newspaper folks always writing about people starving in the city, for?" began Uncle Josh, throwing a pile of empty baskets and barrels into his wagon preparatory to a start for his home. "If it's true where are they? I'd like to find some one who is hungry enough to give me ten shillin's a barrel for potatoes or if they are starving, they may have all the truck they want by coming out on the Island after it." Uncle Josh owns a large truck farm twenty-five miles out back of Brooklyn. He is well known on the market, having carted in and sold vegetables here from his wagon during the past thirty-five years and his word is never questioned. From him I learned that in his neighborhood, acres of cabbages, tomatoes, peas, beans and other truck is allowed to go to waste on the ground, because it will not bring enough in this city to pay for harvesting and carting. Uncle Josh said he started from home yesterday noon loaded with potatoes and tomatoes. He had been on the market all night, and when he got back home with his empty baskets and barrels, he would have but eight dollars over expenses to show for his load. That is, his two day's and one night's labor with team, and the receipts of his load only cleared him eight dollars. He said when he got home he should do as many of his neighbors had done, discharge his help and let the stuff rot on the ground. To-day tomatoes sold for twelve cents a bushel, and potatoes from seventy-five cents to one dollar a barrel—the cheapest they have been known in this city for thirty years. They are so low that the supply will be cut off, and in a few weeks will doubtless advance to three times the present price. The market-farmers of New Jersey, Long Island and other sections convenient to the city, are suffering more from an exuberant yield this year, than they ever did by drouth, grass-hoppers or bugs. Their land, for once, has been over-productive. This fact contrasts strangely with the other well-known fact, that people by the score are dying daily in this city for the want of food; but to one who has nothing with which to pay, a meal of victuals at five cents is as dear as if it cost a dollar.

You know George Francis Train. Of course you have heard of the Train who ran for the presidency of the United States in '72. Everybody has heard of him, but his true history has never been told. If you will walk with me over to Madison Square I will introduce him to you. No, I can only point him out, for he never speaks any more to a person over fourteen years of age. However, I notice that he occasionally gets deceived in the age of young ladies, and speaks to those who are two or three years beyond the standard. This eccentricity began three years ago, since which he has occupied a bench under one of the trees in Madison Square almost constantly. He appears at his seat, both summer and winter, wet or cold, at precisely six o'clock every morning, and never leaves it before ten o'clock at night. In dress except when muffled by rain or snow, he is a picture of neatness. A two thousand dollar cluster sparkles from his bosom, and a four hundred dollar watch, hung to his vest by a two hundred dollar chain keeps for him the time of day. He owns a fifty thousand dollar residence in Madison avenue, a few rods away, the inside of which he has not seen for three years. In its place, he rents a fourth-story hall bedroom to a house in Fourth street near Second avenue, paying there-

for two dollars a week, the money being handed to a ten year old son of his landlord every Sunday morning. Except in case of a severe storm he invariably takes the blankets from his bed and ascending through the scuttle, sleeps on the roof. His landlord stated to me that during the past year, Train had not missed above forty nights from his roof. Even the coldest nights of last winter found him there. He never wears any covering to his head and allows himself but one regular meal a day, which he takes at half past five in the morning at a coffee house on Third avenue, opposite Cooper Institute. He enters the park in the morning with every pocket crammed with candies, fried-cakes and crullers. In a paper bag he brings a half peck of peanuts. This stock he parcels out to the children and birds during the day. The birds partake first of his bounty in the morning. They have become so accustomed to his hospitality that the ground about his seat will be covered with them the moment he arrives. They alight on his head, and shoulders and eat from his hand, a dozen at a time. The children begin to gather around him about seven o'clock. They are treated with less generosity than the birds, his bags and pockets being of less capacity than their stomachs. Neither the children nor sparrows seem to think Mr. Train, insane. Everybody else about New York does, but a committee of doctors have pronounced him harmless. I think him insane, and the cause I attribute to an excessive and disappointed desire for popularity and fame. But I fear I have already taken the reader too far on this Train.

A Terrible Fire—Loss of Life.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—A fire broke out at 9.45 p. m., in J. P. Hale's piano factory on West Thirty-fifth street, which was entirely destroyed. It is rumored that ten persons perished. The flames extended to the south side of the street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, destroyed E. M. Connelly's barrel factory, J. Graham & Co.'s silk factory and several houses adjoining. J. Walker's charcoal factory, on the north side of Thirty-fifth street, was also burned.

The fire originated through Nicholas Monk, a varnish rubber, who was heating some varnish over a stove. While his back was turned it got ablaze and the flames spread like a flash. He fled at once for his life, giving the alarm as he ran, but the windows being open, the flames swept through the building, finding fresh fuel at every step. It is supposed that about 200 hundred men were employed in the building at the time, but it cannot be ascertained how many have been burned. The hatchways in one corner were open and the flames rushed to the upper stories as if through a flue. Several firemen say that from the windows of the upper story of the factory, men were calling for ladders for help, "for God's sake," but that the ladders were not long enough to reach them, and even if they were they could not be placed in position, owing to the intense heat. Some fell to the pavement and others, after wildly waving their arms, fell back into the burning mass behind them. The great eight story mill on Thirty-sixth street fell almost without warning, and the number who are buried under it will not be known until the debris is moved away.

The wildest excitement prevailed as the flames leaped to the adjoining buildings, mostly tenement houses, and men, women and children fled for their lives. They saved nothing and were lucky to escape with their lives.

Up to a late hour to-night the number of casualties reported were: Killed—Oliver Pasnick, who jumped from the top story and was instantly killed, and Annie Smith, smothered in a tenement house adjoining the factory. The injured were: Paul Hess, jumped from the seventh story window to an adjoining building, not dangerously injured; T. Ludwig, jumped from fifth story, slight injuries; James Roland, fireman, wall fell, burying him under it. The following persons employed in the factory are missing and there is but little doubt they have been burned up: H. Bede, J. Gunberger, John Kutsch, James Smith, Patrick Trainor.

Over fifty buildings in all have been destroyed and the losses are large, with the insurance probably covering half of the amount. Some of the most terrible scenes of the fire occurred in the tenement houses. One fireman rescued an infant and its helpless father from the fourth floor, and then at the peril of his life found another child just expiring from suffocation on the top floor. Annie Sweet, an occupant of a tenement house, died from fright.

When the walls fell it became easier for the firemen to work, and the extreme heat subsided somewhat, enabling them to approach and play on the burning masses. It was noticed that during the day that no employees were to be found and therefore persons believed that they had all perished in the flames, but yet few inquiries were made at the

station house or in the vicinity of the fire for the missing men during the day. It is said that many of the employees live in Hoboken and on escaping, if they did, went off home at once.

A Spider's Fatal Bite.

The Providence *Journal* says: A week ago last Thursday morning, Martha Caesar, a colored woman forty years of age, and wife of James Caesar, proprietor of a restaurant at 116 Wickenden street, was awakened from sleep by a stinging sensation in her under lip, and found that she had been bitten by some insect. As the rude cabin in which they live, on Babcock street, is infested by numerous spiders, she supposed that one of them had crawled upon the bed while she was asleep. During the day her lip pained her severely, and at night it was badly swollen, and had turned to a purple color. She applied poultices and such simple remedies, but the swelling increased during Friday and Saturday, and the pain extended to her head and limbs. On Sunday Dr. Mathews was called and found that the poison had made its way into her system so rapidly that there was but slight hopes of her recovering from its malignant effects.—However, he prescribed soothing medicines and applied poultices, which reduced the swelling somewhat. On Monday Mrs. Caesar lost the control of her limbs, and was obliged to lie down on her bed, from which she never arose.—On Tuesday she gradually became unconscious, and her face was swollen beyond recognition, but she was suffering terribly. She died at 9.40 on Wednesday night.

Miss Western's Pin.

Miss Western, of 122 Forsyth street, told the story of the loss on Saturday evening of her \$1,400 diamond breast-pin. She had stopped under the gas lamp at South Fifth avenue and Bleeker street to look at an advertisement containing the number of a house she was in search of, when a man suddenly grabbed the pin. He used such force that the thick velvet to which the pin was fastened gave way and the whole front of her dress was torn out. The thief ran up Bleeker street toward Broadway. For an instant the force of his attack stunned Miss Western, but as soon as she realized the situation she gave chase. She is stout built, and not framed for very active exertion, but, notwithstanding this, she kept almost within an arm's length of the thief all along the block in Bleeker street, and down Greene to Houston, where he was collared by Officer Watson. The spectacle of a stout lady flying through the street after a man at 10 o'clock in the evening drew a large crowd, which did not wonder any the less when Miss Western's friend, who is stouter than herself, approached in a condition resembling hysterics. Miss Western had obtained a good look at the thief when under the gas lamp, so that she had no difficulty in identifying him. He gave his name as John Murphy. He denied the charge, although Miss Western gave him her word to let him go if he would tell her where the cross would be recovered. He was remanded to give the officers time to catch an accomplice to whom he handed the cross.

The Chinese as Shoemakers.

Some 65 Chinamen are still employed by Mr. Sampson, at North Adams, Mass., and the question of hiring more, when they go away, or of giving up the experiment, has not yet been settled. The time of many of them is expiring, but they stay on, and it would not be strange if quite a number of them, becoming civilized and Christianized by their wholesome surroundings, should come to look upon the town as their home. A remarkable occurrence the other day was the return of one, named Ah Guy from his home in China. He went home two years ago, after working at shoemaking four years, and, after spending all his money, wrote to Mr. Sampson asking if he would take him again. Getting a favorable reply he came, and is now at his old bench.

Some time last week Mrs. Scriven, of La Grange, who is now in Tennessee, dreamed that her grandchild, a child of Mr. D. A. Dansby, was dead. Going to sleep again she had the same dream, and had it four times that night. Night before last the little child suddenly became ill, and though medical aid was summoned the child, to all appearance, died.

Animation was suspended, and so far as any one could tell life was extinct. In four or five minutes the child revived. In a minute or two the same thing was repeated, the moribund condition lasted the same length of time, and this occurred four times. Of course the dream had nothing to do with the illness and suffering of the child, but the two things form a strange coincidence. The little sufferer is still alive but is quite ill.

W. J. Rice, Surgeon and Mechanical Dentist, will visit Bloomfield the first TWO WEEKS of each month, professionally. Office at Squire Clouser's residence. The remainder of his time at his office in Ickesburg, Perry co., Pa. Call and hear his prices.

Miscellaneous News Items.

A lady said that she did not know how to make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why don't you make one end vegetables?"

A Lewistown idiot, a tailor by occupation, is so strong a temperance man that he refuses to make any man a suit of clothes who is engaged in the liquor traffic.

A boy seventeen years old died in Charlestown, Mass., of hemorrhage resulting from the extraction of a tooth six days before, and the Boston *Post* says that nine of his relatives "died from similar causes."

An infant daughter of Rev. J. F. Ohl, of Quakerstown, Bucks county, fell out of the third-story window. She alighted upon the roof of a kitchen, rolled off to the ground and escaped with slight injuries.

Just before leaving Boston for Europe, Prof. Graham Bell, of telephone fame, married the daughter of Gardiner G. Hubbard, a deaf mute. He had so carefully instructed her that she uttered distinctly all the responses of the wedding service.

The Pope is said to be in tolerably good health, considering his advanced age, but he is fast losing his memory, and is subject to frequent attacks of syncope. His legs have become stiff, and the doctors do not think he can last long in his present condition.

The Lorillards, (Pierre and George) of New York, are the richest tobacconists in the world, and form the oldest house in America. They are worth three millions, and have a business which brings them annually a fortune. Their ancestors founded this trade.

On Monday a week, Mr. Jeremiah Light, of Cornwall township, Lebanon co., employed a man as a farm hand, and before night he was missing, and a dark brown horse, with the two hind feet white, about six years old, and sixteen hands high, was missing also.

CINCINNATI, September 3.—An excavation under a dwelling on Longworth street undermined its walls and the building fell with a crash. Four women were buried in the wreck, but only one, Mrs. Keam, was killed. Five men were injured, two it is thought fatally. It is stated that four persons are still in the ruins.

A lady in Cincinnati sent a description of a child she wanted to a founding hospital in New Orleans. A day or two ago she received a reply that a child was on its way to Cincinnati, and a few days after, the messenger of the Adams Express rang the bell and announced a package for Mrs. —, at the same time presenting a little girl of tender years with an express label tied to one arm.

Two boys named Dingham, residing in the township of Elk, Michigan, met with a remarkably close escape from death by lightning recently. They were both in bed and the fluid came down the stove pipe, setting the bed clothes on fire and giving both boys a severe shock. One of them was burned from his head to his feet, and the blood flowed out of his ear for some time afterward. He has since recovered.

Three weeks ago a marriage took place in a Liverpool church, when an upholsterer put down, by order of one of the parties, some crimson baize. When he was about to carry it home, the sexton claimed it on the ground that, as it had been brought into church, it had become holy, and it would be sacrilege to remove it. In vain the upholsterer protested. The sexton, full of pious zeal, would not yield an inch, and the cloth was left under protest.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilson, of Bridgewater, Beaver county, concluded to separate. Mrs. Wilson retained the two children and obtained a divorce. Mr. W. removed from that city, and for seventeen years no communication passed between them. A few months since the daughter, learning of the whereabouts of her father, wrote to him. A correspondence ensued, the result of which was that the former husband and wife were re-united a couple of weeks since.

The body of a young woman, about 18 years of age, the daughter of Davis Exline, of Caldwell, in Appanoose county, Iowa, was found in a stable near that place on Monday last. There were marks upon her throat as if she had been choked. There was also a mark on the side of her head, which had the appearance of having been produced by a blow. The theory is that she had been taken into the stable and shamefully abused and then choked to death, but nothing is known as to the facts in the case.

Recently when Bishop Whittaker, of Nevada, visited Tybo, the services were held in a hall which adjoins a place where the growls of the tiger are constantly heard. Just as the reverend gentleman had finished an impressive prayer, and in the silence which always follows an orison in pious congregations, and before "amen" could be said, a loud voice from the adjoining apartment shouted solemnly, "Keno!" A smile came over the faces of the pious, and the worthy Bishop did his best to preserve his equilibrium.